

1913

Something Seems Tingle-Ingleing

Rudolf Friml

Otto Hauerbach

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SOMETHING SEEMS TINGLE-INGLEING

FROM
HIGH JINKS
A MUSICAL FARCE BY
HAUERBACH AND FRIML
SONG PIANO SOLO
60 CENTS EACH



G. SCHIRMER

NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43d STREET LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS STREET
BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC COMPANY

M. L. Pettigrew

Something Seems Tingle-ingleing

Words by
Otto Hauerbach

From the Musical Farce
"High Jinks," by
Rudolf Friml

Allegretto

D. *Dick* *mf*

1. Be-yond the Him-a-lay-a moun-tains,
2. The Ro-man god of ju-bi-la-tion—

pp *mf* *p* *mf*

Where flows the great Tsan-po,
Old Mo-mus was his name,—

Be-side old Ti-bet's laugh-ing
He wooed the god-dess Ex-ul-

foun-tains Gay, fest-ive flow-ers grow.
ta-tion, Of weird Bud-dhis-tic fame.

To hands of mer-ry youth and
Their son was High Jinks, a sen-

maid - en They yield their ra-diant bloom, And
sa - tion, Who, ere he caught his breath, Soon

24523 c

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por G. Schirmer (Inc.), Propietarios, Nueva York y Mexico

D. all the balm-y air is la - den With rich and rare per - fume. — One ver - y
died of chron-ic cach-in - na - tion, Just laughed him-self to death. — His soul be -

f *p*

D. lit - tle drop, placed so, One ti - ny lit - tle whiff, and lo! —
came this won - drous flow'r, Who breathes it, feels its mys - tic pow'r: —

molto rit.

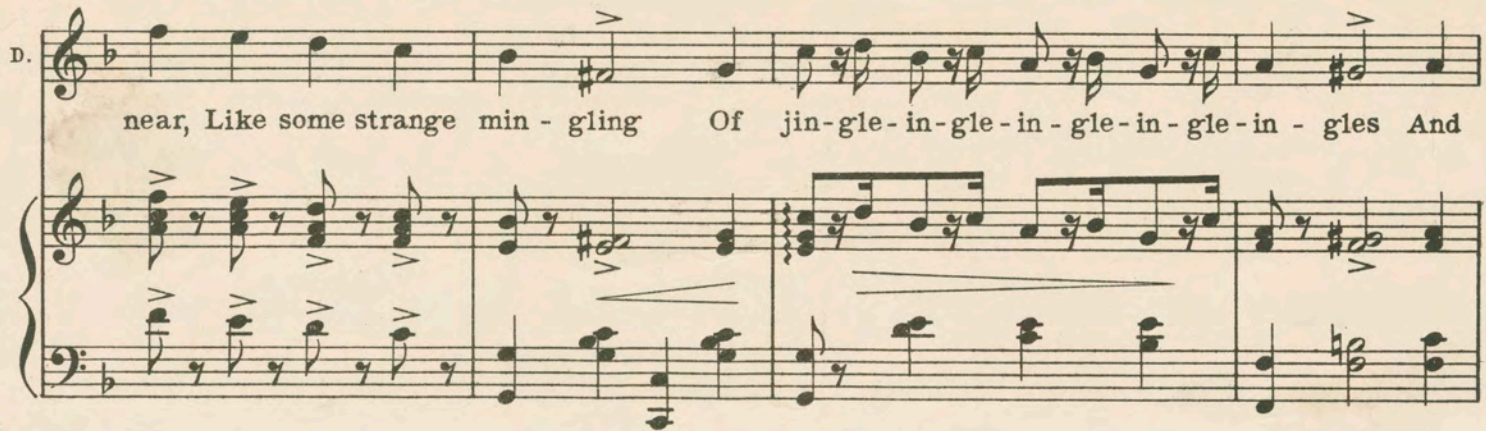
Refrain

D. 1-2. Some - thing seems tin - gle - in - gle - in - gle - in - gle - ing so

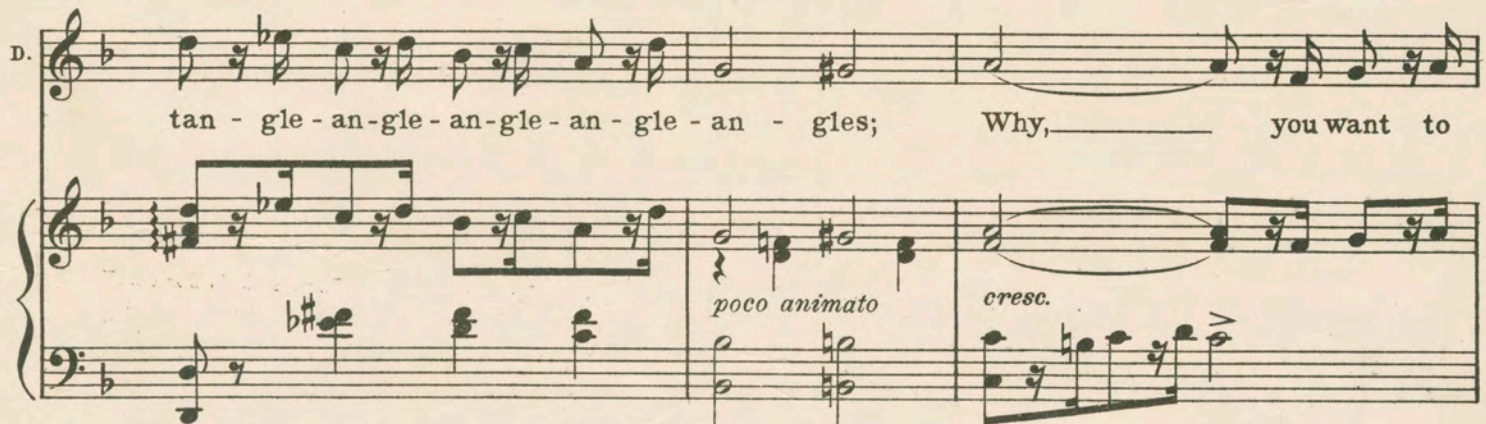
a tempo *p*

D. queer, Here in your ear, Near - er and

cresc.

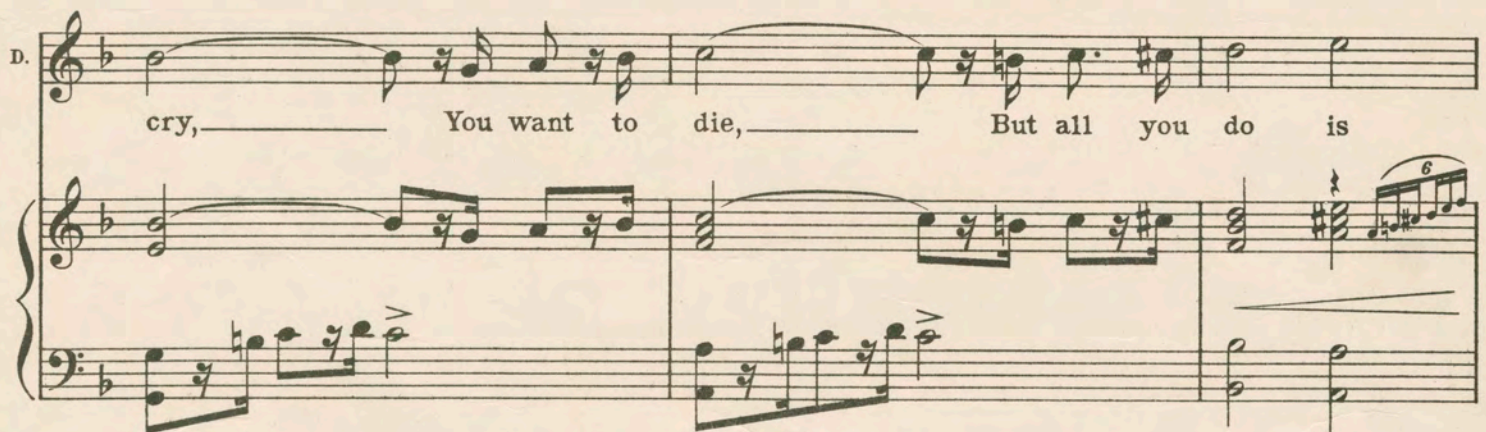
D. 

near, Like some strange min - gling Of jin - gle - in - gle - in - gle - in - gle - in - gles And

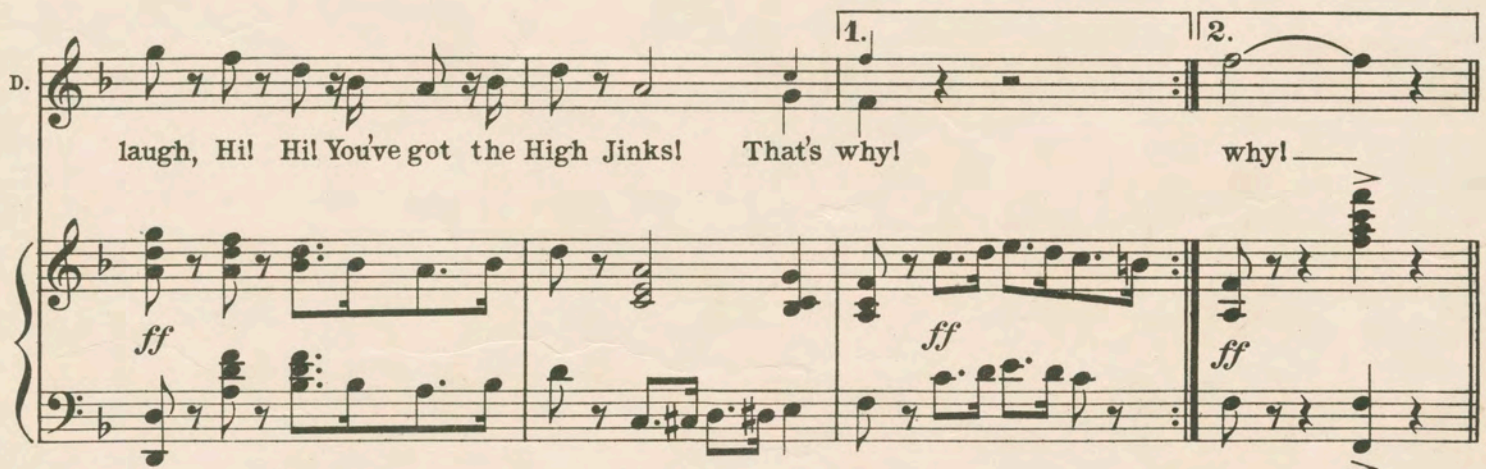
D. 

tan - gle - an - gle - an - gle - an - gle - an - gles; Why, _____ you want to

poco animato *cresc.*

D. 

cry, _____ You want to die, _____ But all you do is

D. 

laugh, Hi! Hi! You've got the High Jinks! That's why! why! _____

ff *ff* *ff*

SONG HITS From HIGH JINKS

By OTTO HAUERBACH
and RUDOLF FRIML

The Bubble

Words by
Otto Hauerbach

From the Musical Farce
"High Jinks" by
Rudolf Friml

Float on! float on! Fair bub-ble of rain-bow hue, Float
on! float on! Love's sym-bol, a las, too true! Float
on! float on! And van-ish in Heav'n's own blue With
lov-ers' tears And hopes and tears, Bub-bles all, like you!

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Something Seems Tingle-Ingleing

Words by
Otto Hauerbach

From the Musical Farce
"High Jinks" by
Rudolf Friml

Refrain
1-2. Some-thing seems tin-gle-in-gle-in-gle-in-gle-ing so
queer. Here in your ear, Near-er and
near, Like some strange min-gling Of jin-gle-in-gle-in-gle-in-gles And
tan-gle-an-gle-an-gle-an-gles; Why! you want to

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Jim

Words by
Otto Hauerbach

From the Musical Farce
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Refrain
Like a sol-dier Tall and cap-ti-va-tin', Broad of shoul-der,
Fine and fas-ci-na-tin' That was Jim, my old Jim, Gay and cle-ver,
Glo-ry be! And he was ev-er full of blar-ney From Kil-lar-ney Sure my head would

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Is This Love at Last?

Words by
Otto Hauerbach

From the Musical Farce
"High Jinks" by
Rudolf Friml

Tempo di Valse
1-2. Some-thing I can't ex-plain, Mys-tic-al want or
pain, Blend-ing of smiles and tears Fills me with hopes
and fears; Breath of a new blown rose, Breath of a fire
that glows, Caught from a-bove, Ardent and vast. Ah, is this

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